
Title: MY RIVAL, MY LOVE

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PART I
A Shadowy Jester Book

It all started when I met
the one and only man who
had the ability to make
me question what I once
regarded to be sound
ideals. I never was a
religious person; perhaps
that was due to the fact
that I was never an
insecure person. I have
always believed that
people that are insecure
turn to their gods for
guidance, love, and
protection. I never needed
that. Never, that is, until
Alain walked into my life.

I had been sewing a new
gown for the season
party when I realized I
had broken my last
needle. I had no choice
but to find the tailor
and purchase new needles
from him. I had never
been to his shop, and
felt nervous about going
there. We were rivals
for I, too, made my living
sewing clothing. When I
got to his shop, I found
the door pulled closed,
but not latched. I let
myself in and looked
around. There was no one
present. I took advantage
of the moment and looked
at what could very easily
put me out of business. I
knew that the only way
to save my job, my
LIFE!, was to destroy all
of his work, thereby
bringing all of his

customers to me.

As I proceeded to rip seams and remove buttons, I heard what I thought to be a door creaking. I turned around, and there he was, shining in all his glory. Lighting up the room with his golden blond hair, momentarily, I forgot where I was and what I was doing. I quickly dropped the gown I was demolishing and stood there slack-jawed. 'Just what do you think you are doing?!' he melodically asked. 'I purchased this gown, and it was delivered to me in this state of disrepair,' I answered, frightened by the look on his face. 'Oh, no you did not purchase that gown, nor was it delivered to you in any state of repair or disrepair! I know who you are! You are Elise, the Seamstress, and I will not allow you in my shop! GET OUT!'

He was beyond anger. I had never known anyone to act so irrationally over a silly piece of fabric, so I placed it down upon the table before me. 'Do you really think that I am a Seamstress? How silly!' I was doing my best to convince him that I was not who he had accused me of being. 'I just came to your shop to look at your fashions, and perhaps employ you to sew a new gown for the season party.' I knew it wouldn't work, but I had no other choice but to flatter him. 'I don't believe you,' he said, staring deeply into my eyes. 'The reason I don't believe you is

because I have watched
you from afar, with joy
in my heart and loathing
in my soul. How can I
love a woman whose very
existence is my downfall?'
His eyes were pleading
now. 'I have looked upon
you forever, it seems,
and fought with myself
constantly over my
predicament.' He was
coming closer to me now,
and I could smell his
manly scent. 'I didn't
know how I should ever
hope to meet you and
then walk away, back to
my own life without you...'
He reached out to touch
my arm and I pulled away,
fearful of what his touch
might do to me. Already I
was heady with the
excitement he was
stirring in my empty soul.
I was willing to do
anything to keep him here
before me, but I was
fearful, for he was my
rival, and I could not
allow myself to love my
fiercest competitor.

'I must be going now,' a
tiny, quivering voice said.
Was that me? I had
thought I was a far
stronger person than
what I was experiencing. I
had once been so aware
of my emotions and in
control of my feelings,
that the way I was
feeling and reacting to
him was completely alien
to me. I looked at him,
knowing that his feelings
for me mirrored those
burgeoning in me. He took
me in his arms and his
silken lips touched my
forehead. 'I knew you
would come here tonight,'
his deep voice revealed. 'I
wanted you to come here,
and I knew that the only
way to get you to do

that was to bring about
the breaking of your one
and only needle,' he
confessed.

'But how did you...' 'I
went to your house
earlier today, when you
were at the weaver's. I
knew that the only way
to get you to come here
would be dishonest, but I
no longer cared. I scored
your needle so deeply
that it would break when
you set out to use it.

Please forgive me, but it
was the only way.' 'Oh,
Alain, I forgive you!
Please, please, don't
regret what you have
done, for it has brought
me to you...'